

You Will Have to Look a Long Time For Better Comforters Than These

You are sure to like them immediately, not only because of the comfortable warmth which their soft fluffiness insures, but for their dainty attractiveness, too. Particularly pleasing are those which boast centers of silkoline plentifully sprinkled with flowers in your favorite hues. Some have plain borders of sateen in harmonizing tones.

At \$7.50 we have a splendid sateen comforter in floral designs; colors are green, red, tan and blue filled with superior new carded cotton filling.

At \$5.85 a figured silkolene comforter, both sides alike, all-over floral pattern, some with panel border of sateen. Filling of choice white cotton felt.

At \$3.95 a figured silkolette, both sides alike, small and large all-over pattern, knotted or quilted, filling good white cotton felt.

Blanket Special! At 14c above present wholesale price and \$1.36 under a "Friday Special" advertised by a large Detroit retail store. I can show you their ad., too.

66x80 outing blanket in beautiful plaids in tan, blue and pink combinations.

Cochrane Dry Goods Co.

Former Location of The Meisel Company

222 Huron Avenue

PORT HURON, MICHIGAN

Continuous
SALE
of Surplus
Stock

U. S. ARMY GOODS

and General Line of Commercial Merchandise

More People Come In Every Day and More People Go Away Satisfied

If we did not offer dependable merchandise it would be useless for us to spend our money in advertising. But men of today are careful buyers and know when they are getting values. These are Only a Few of the Many Articles Included in this Sale

ARMY LEGGINGS, Extra value at.....	59c	KHAKI SLIP OVERS, worth a great deal more.....	\$1.95
ARMY PONCHOS Rain proof.....	\$1.25	WARM DRESS GLOVES You can't beat them.....	95c
ARMY WRAPPED LEGGINGS \$2.50 value at.....	\$1.75	HEAVY SWEATER VESTS.....	\$4.95
ARMY LEATHER JERKINS.....	\$5.95	HEAVY ARMY SOCKS, 80c, 2 pairs for.....	\$1.50
ARMY RAINCOATS, Slightly Used.....	\$4.25	BUCKSKIN FIELD SHOES, per pair.....	\$3.65
ARMY UNDERSHIRTS Government inspected.....	95c	HIP BOOTS, for that deep snow.....	\$4.95
ARMY OVERSEAS CAPS.....	49c	RAZOR HONES, \$1.00 values.....	9c
ARMY TENTS 16x16 Only a few left.....	\$37.50	UNIVERSAL SAFETY RAZORS.....	95c

Extra Specials for Saturday and Monday Only

Munson Last Shoes, U. S. Army Style.....\$5.25
Heavy Fleece Lined union Suits.....\$1.95
5 lb. Khaki Blankets- brown striped.....\$5.95

Other Big Bargains in Every Corner of this Store. It Will Be Worth Your While to Investigate

Look for the Big Sign in Front

United Surplus & Supply Co.

922 Military St., PORT HURON, MICHIGAN

MAKE BELIEVE

By ELIZABETH LYONS.

The sun was pouring streams of light on the little gray cottage on the highlands, the sunshine of golden August. Through the giant elms sifted the yellow beams, making dancing checkers on the weather-beaten roof.

In answer to a familiar whistle, which echoed through the valley, the sole occupant of the house suddenly appeared in the doorway. The girl had brilliant dark eyes and fluffy black hair that wisped from under a dainty white cap. The short sleeves of a bright gingham revealed the delicate tan of her well-formed arms. Standing behind the pink ramblers on the porch, she reminded one of an ideal peasant girl, capable and charming.

She paused; then without waiting for a repetition of the silvery call, she cupped her hands into a trumpet and called clearly an answering halloo. The whistle sounded nearer now and over the hedges approached the bowed figure of the girl's father. She saw him now as he came into the lane, his gaunt hands clutching two milk pails. Soon he was within talking distance, and she turned to hold the door for him and his heavy burden.

"Well, Mollie, it's a hard time for both of us. We haven't given up yet, have we, little girl?" he asked, smiling into her saddened face.

She turned away with a low "no." Then in a few minutes she cheerfully announced supper. The table was daintily laid in spite of the heavy crockery, and the old man enjoyed her companionship though few words were spoken.

The simple repast over, Samuel Boden took his pipe, and Mollie took her knitting to the stoop near the well. The sun was now sinking behind Cherry mountain and the two silently watched the gradual changing of the rose and yellow shades in the heavens, and on Echo lake, in the valley. Mollie's fingers flew swiftly endeavoring to hide her emotions, though with little success.

She stopped knitting. She clasped her father's hand.

"What was that?"

A soft pad-padd on the crispy leaves came to the man's ears. "Well, I reckon it may be a bear or it may be a deer. You didn't think it was—"

"It is, it is! I'm sure it is! Oh, dad! I knew he'd come! Oh!"

A few seconds proved her to be right. From the woods near by bounded a handsome Alredale.

"Rex," she called softly. "Rex, Rex," she whispered, throwing her arms around the panting dog.

She raised her tear-dimmed eyes to her father.

"Oh, dad, I knew he'd come. Look! D. B. S. so plain on his collar. He can't be far off. And see; what is this?"

Scratched on the back of the collar were the words, "Mollie, I've come." Samuel Boden's voice shook with emotion.

"Well, little Moll, you won't have to make believe with me any longer."

The old man turned and limped slowly homeward. The girl rose. A long, silvery halloo broke the stillness; a distant whistle answered from the ledges. She sank back again on the stoop and turned her attention to the messenger at her feet. As she patted his soft back her fingers outlined the service and wound stripes which had been sheared on his coat.

"Oh, Rex, you've been with him all during these two long years—all the time—and I've been waiting, waiting. But now he's coming back to me. And I thought he was never to return. They told me so, but I wouldn't believe."

Hark! A twig snapped in the pathway and a tall, stalwart form emerged from the wooded depths. A moment and she was held in a close embrace.

"Mollie, darling; Mollie—"

Two hours later inside the little cottage David told of the two years of separation, Mollie nestling close in adoring silence.

"And," he concluded, "I landed here just a week ago and came up here to the mountain just as fast as I could."

"Oh, David, to think," murmured Mollie, "how long I've made believe." (Copyright, 1919, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Typewriting in the Air.

A new British commercial airplane, in which a business man can dictate letters to his typist and sign the completed letter while on his way to his appointment, underwent a successful trial at Yeovil. It carries three passengers, in addition to the pilot. They are accommodated in comfortable seats in an inclosed cabin, with sliding windows along the sides. When the seats and upholstery are removed the machine will carry 500 pounds of mail at 100 miles an hour. As an indication of how successfully the noise of the engine has been silenced, the works manager, who had his typist with him, dictated several letters, which she typed while the machine was in the air, on a typewriter fixed to the little folding table in the cabin.

Cutting Off Luxuries.

"I hear young Dubson is taking matrimony seriously."

"There can be little doubt of that."

"Yes?"

"On the eve of his wedding day he parted from his tailor in tears, closed up his account with a taxicab company and bade farewell to his favorite waiter."

ALWAYS WARNING OF RAIN

Birds, Insects, and Weeds Foretell Downpour to Those Who Are at All Observant.

The shepherd among his sheep or the laborer on the farm will not hesitate in his reply to the often asked question, for these men of the fields are almost uncannily weather wise. Their barometer is not only the moon, the clouds, the stars, but also the beasts, birds, insects and weeds.

The following signs, among others, warn the countryman of the coming rain or storms. "M. P. M." writes in the continental edition of the London Mail:

The shrill cry of the peacock screaming from the farmyard gate.

A herd of cows prone on the meadow, instead of grazing on the pasture.

Lambs leaping and frolicking with extra vigor in the fold.

Ducks balanced on their heads in a pool with only their tails and a portion of their backs appearing above the water line.

A flight of swallows skimming low.

Smoke ascending in a straight line from the chimney.

The continued sound of croaking frogs from the ditches.

The antagonistic condition of the bees round the hive.

The silence of singing birds in the woods.

The pimpernel on the banks with its scarlet blossoms closed against the onslaught of the storm.

The extra brilliance of the stars (on the eve of rain).

The haze around the moon.

Spiders seeking refuge within the cottage or the barn.

The unusually distinct roar of the train heard from afar.

POET WAS ERRATIC GENIUS

Thomas Chatterton Did Marvelous Work Before His Suicide at the Age of Eighteen.

That marvelous boy poet, Thomas Chatterton, a youth with wonderful attainments but whose genius was erratic, died before he was 18 years old, on Aug. 25, 1770, by taking arsenic "in anticipation of a slower death by starvation."

From his earliest childhood, Chatterton had a ghastly familiarity with the idea of suicide, and among his papers preserved in the British museum is a last will and testament. "Executed in the presence of Omniscience, the 14th of April, 1770," full of the wildest wit and profanity. While there is a peculiar interest to all he wrote, he is best remembered as the author of the so-called "Rowley Poems," which number nearly four-score. "Kilnour and Jaga" being the only one which appeared during the lifetime. Some of them possess that beauty of imagination with which we associate the work of Keats and Coleridge. These poems, as well as Rosetti and William Morris, owed much to Chatterton.

During the last few months of his life he worked with a hundred hours and poured forth satiric poems, political essays, burlesques, letters in the style of Juvenal, and mediated writing a history of England. For a time his prospects seemed to brighten, and while many editors were willing to use his articles and gave him praise, few were willing to pay for them.

Why the Moon's Phases.

The light of the moon is due entirely to reflection of the light of the sun, and the different phases of the moon to its position in relation to the position of the earth and the sun. When there is a new moon, half of the surface of the moon is illuminated, but the greater portion is turned from the earth and only a delicate crescent appears to us. At the first quarter, half of the illuminated surface is turned toward us, and at the fifteenth day the moon reaches a point in the heavens directly opposite to that which the sun occupies. She is then in opposition, and the whole of the illuminated surface is turned toward us, and we have a full moon. From opposition the moon passes on in her orbit, gradually decreasing in size, or rather less and less of the illuminated part being turned toward the earth.

Bells in History.

Bells are old, old friends of men. Centuries and centuries ago, even before Christ, the ceremonies of Isis were celebrated with bells, and later, according to Exodus, there were "a golden bell and a pomegranate, upon the hem of the robe"—the robe of ephod. Bells have summoned soldiers to arms and Christians to church. They have rung fires and tumults. On the third day of Easter in 1282, 8,000 French were massacred in cold blood by John of Procida at the ringing of Sicilian vespers. On the 24th day of August, St. Bartholomew's day, in 1572, bells rang in the massacre of 100,000 Huguenots. At the time of Nelson's triumph and death at Trafalgar, the bells of Chester rang a merry peal alternated with one dead toll.

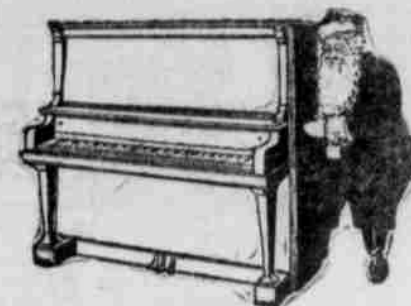
Pro and Con.

"They tell me women have no strength of character."

"Nonsense!"

"That's what I say. Did you ever hear of an aviatrix stopping in midair to powder her nose?"

"No, sir. I never did. But do you suppose she is going to meet anybody in midair who can see whether or not her nose is shiny?"—Birmingham Age-Herald.



A PIANO FOR CHRISTMAS

Would Delight Those of Your Home More Greatly than Anything Else You Could Select.

It's beauty and the wealth of musical enjoyment it brings add abundance of cheer and charm. It's what "they've" long wished for. No need of waiting until it is brought into your home to know whether it will please or not.

When you know so well how welcome it will be—when you've such a great and unequalled variety of instruments to select from as are embraced in our holiday stock—when you can find a Piano at the price you've had in mind to pay—when you can buy on convenient monthly payments—when back of the instrument you choose are vast resources and splendid reputation.

And these are features associated with your purchase at the House of Grinnell.

Then surely there's no reason why you should not gladden your family THIS Christmas with that superb home gift—a beautiful, rich toned PIANO!

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Port Huron, Mich.

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When you buy a diamond ring from this store our reputation for reliability and square dealing assures you that you will get the utmost values for your money and get just what we represent the stone to be. Get our prices and save money.

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